

Literary Department.

DAILY STRENGTH.

"As thy day thy strength shall be,
This should be enough for thee;
He who knows thy frame will spare
Burdens more than thou canst bear.

When thy days are veiled in night,
Christ shall give thee heavenly light;
Seem thy wearisome and long,
Yet in Him thou shalt be strong.

Cold and wintry though they prove,
Thine the sunshine of His love;
Or, with fervid heat oppressed,
In His shadow thou shalt rest.

When thy days on earth are past,
Christ shall call thee home at last,
His redeeming love to praise,
Who hath strengthened all thy days.

—Francis Ridley Havergal.

DIARY OF A POOR YOUNG LADY.

From the German of MARIE NATHUSIUS.)

A TALE FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

(CONTINUED.)

AUNT JULCHEN was just behind him and came and stood by me with a protecting manner, but I felt sure by the laughing faces and mischievous voices that her authority could not prevent an attack upon me. A rather old, unmarried lady came up and said very sweetly, "What a charming bonnet you have here." I looked at her the way aunt does when she says "Catherine!" "Yes, indeed, a charming bonnet," said the old gentleman with the mustache, "what fashion is it, Fraulein? There is something so peculiar, so piquant about it." I felt pride and anger stirring in my heart. I drew myself up to my full height. "Unfortunately I cannot inform you," I said, quietly; "the study of the fashions has never interested me." There was a silence, and a visible change in the faces. But the old gentleman continued, "Well said, Fraulein, let me congratulate you; but—idle asseverations!—can it be possible that you never cast a few loving glances at a journal of fashion like the rest of these ladies?" "I assure you," I replied, with the same quietness as before, "that I see one before me to-day for the first time." "By Jove!" cried the old gentleman, and laughed loudly, but I felt nearer tears than laughter. I felt myself so ugly in this mood, and I determined rather to bear anything than to defend myself thus. I took Lucie by the hand, bowed and turned quickly away. No one could blame me, and, indeed, I heard Aunt Julchen scolding, with her voice raised, and Thekla soon came after us, and asked me if I would not join them in their walk. My tears had really begun to flow by this time, and I felt very unhappy. I tried to speak to her kindly, and hastened back to the house with Lucie. Lucie began to speak of her sisters and the whole party in a very unchildlike way. She is indeed far beyond her years. I knew now what I had to do; it was difficult, but I tried to defend those who had hurt me. Thus I persuaded myself to be forgiving, and I felt how, little by little, the sting seemed taken from my heart. Now I could pray: "Come, Holy Spirit, help me!" and I could speak gladly before my Lord and Master. I could speak of pardon and of the love wherewith He loved us, and now loves us, though our hearts are cold and unloving and turned away from Him; I said to Lucie that we would both pray our Lord to take our hearts to be His own, so that for His sake we could do anything, even love those who hurt us. Lucie listened attentively, though with surprise. When Sophie came to fetch her to dress for dinner she put her hand in mine, and looked at me very affectionately; that did my heart good. A little while after Sophie came back to help me to change my dress, and when I

did not seem very anxious to do so, she told me that my predecessor had always dressed charmingly. She wanted to tell me a great deal about her and nothing but what was bad, but I told her she must never speak to me in that manner, as I considered it a sin to listen to evil-speaking, but that I would gladly listen to any kind things she had to say. "Ah, those are very innocent ideas of the world," said Sophie. "You will soon learn to be different here." I was glad now to apply Trinchen's good teaching, and did so with all my feeble strength. Sophie is an honest, warm-hearted girl; I am sure she understood how ugly and sinful it is to speak evil and to listen to evil of others. I said we ought to strengthen one another, so that we might not fall into this bad habit, especially for Lucie's sake, because we were, to a great extent, responsible for her. She ought not to hear one unloving word from our lips, for our Lord had said: "Whosoever shall offend one of these little ones it were better that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck, and he were drowned in the depths of the sea." O, kind Saviour, bless these words, bless them to me, give me strength for my difficult task, my beautiful task. O that I might lead the child to Thee! These efforts and these hopes are to replace to me a great deal of which I am deprived here.

I went into the dining-room with all kinds of generous and forgiving thoughts, but they seemed scarcely necessary; and Sophie's efforts on behalf of my toilet seemed also to have been superfluous, for nobody took any notice of me. I found my place beside Lucie's, near the end of the table; two boys were sitting next to us. No grace was said, and I am ashamed to say that I had not the courage to ask a blessing myself. The boys were very entertaining; especially the elder, cousin Alfred, is witty and pleasant. We forgot the big people, and were happy in our own kingdom; I even had to admonish my young people, because we were attracting the attention of the guests. Herr von Schaffau often looked searchingly at me, but he did not appear annoyed at our mirthfulness. However his judgment, his approval or disapproval, will have no influence with me. A man who can be so unjust and unsparing in his judgment has no authority for me. I thought thus while we were at table, and in these reflections felt a satisfaction for the injustice done me. But I was soon to have different ideas. After table the young people gathered to play charades and tableaux. Herr von Tilsen, the old gentleman with the mustache, urged me to take part. I declined. He asked me why. I told him that I knew too little about them. He asked me further whether I purposely chose such a peculiar toilet. Trinchen has lengthened and trimmed my white dress with a handsome embroidered flounce. I certainly notice that I look different from the ladies here; it oppresses me to feel that I am the object of their mockery; but it shall not make me unhappy. I replied to Herr von Tilsen that I had been accustomed from a child to see myself strangely dressed, and that my surroundings would have to grow accustomed to my appearance, as I could, for the present, make no change. Then Herr von Tilsen became very friendly, and said, with great impertinence, many flattering things to me, so that I was very glad when Herr von Schaffau interrupted his conversation. I moved away from them. Everybody was taken up with preparations for the performance. I sat down in a deep bow-window, drew the heavy curtains more closely together, and was alone with the moonlight and the beautiful bunch of asters which Sophie had pinned to my dress.

(To be continued.)

"He that hath the Son hath life: and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life."—I John 5, 12.

Children's Department.

NEW PRIZES.

We hope our young friends will not overlook the Rev. Mr. Bortwick's offer, made in last week's paper, of a prize of a handsome book to the boy or girl who shall send us before Christmas the largest list of new subscribers to THE CHURCH GUARDIAN.

We have added three additional prizes for the 2nd 3rd and 4th next largest lists; and besides a prize to every young person sending us three names with the money before the 20th of December next. Here is a chance to win a Christmas box. No one need fail. Make the effort and success is certain.

GIRLS, HELP FATHER.

"My hands are so stiff I can hardly hold a pen," said farmer Wilbur, as he sat down to figure out some accounts that were getting behind hand.

"Can I help you, father?" said Lucy laying down her bright crochet work. "I shall be glad to do so, if you will explain what you want."

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if you could, Lucy," he said reflectively. "Pretty good at figures are you?"

"It would be sad if I did not know something of them, after going twice through the arithmetic," said Lucy laughing.

"Well, I can show you in five minutes what I have to do, and it'll be a wonderful help if you can do it for me. I never was a master hand at accounts in my best days, and it does not grow any easier since I put on my spectacles."

Very patiently did the helpful daughter plod through the long lines of figures, leaving the gay worsted to be idle all the evening, though she was in such haste to finish her scarf. It was reward enough to see her tired father, who had been toiling hard all day for herself and dear ones, sitting so cozily in his easy chair, enjoying his weekly paper.

The clock struck nine before her task was over, but the hearty—"Thank you daughter a thousand times," took away all sense of weariness.

"It's rather looking up, where a man can have such an amanuensis, said the farmer. "It is not every farmer that can afford it."

"Nor every farmer's daughter that is capable of making one," said the mother, with a little pardonable maternal pride.

"Nor every one that would be willing, if able," said Mr. Wilbur, which last was a sad truth. How many daughters might be of use to their father in this and many other ways, who never think of lightening a care or labor. If asked to perform some little service, it is done at best with a reluctant step and unwilling air that robs it of all sunshine and all claim to gratitude.

Girls, help your father. Give him a cheerful home to rest in when evening comes, and do not worry his life away by fretting because he cannot afford you all the luxuries you covet. Children exert as great influence on their parents, as parents do on their children.—[Our Sunday-School.

BAD BARGAINS.—Once a Sunday-school teacher remarked that he who buys the truth makes a good bargain, and inquired if any scholar recollected an instance in Scripture of a bad bargain.

"I do," replied a boy: "Esau made a bad bargain when he sold his birthright for a mess of pottage."

A second boy said; "Judas made a bad bargain when he sold his Lord for thirty pieces of silver."

A third boy observed, "Our Lord tells us that he makes a bad bargain who, to gain the whole world, loses his own soul."—[Selected.

A good name is better than precious ointment,—Ecclesiastes vii. 1.

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